





# DOUBLE TRACKERS IN TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW,

Or The Awful Destiny of C.P.R. Timber Beasts.

## DEDICATION

To J. B. L. McDONALD, Esq., Superintendent,

Foley Bros., Larson & Co., Kenora.

Dear Sir,—

We are conscious that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication, and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to our poor attempts.

As you are likely more interested than anyone else in the welfare of the parties herein concerned, the whole can now with propriety be only inscribed to you. The reader will better understand the last stanza of this poem when he becomes acquainted with the fact that it is addressed to a man who has despised fame and fortune and intends soon to retire to happiness and obscurity, with the main object in view of endowing hospitals.

We now perceive, our dear brother, the wisdom of your noble choice. You will have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great and the laborers are but few. We feel sorry indeed to part with so dear a friend, to whom we are more indebted, for favors of the past, than to anyone else. You have always been true in council and trusty in peril, kind in our sorrows, glad in our prosperities and firm in our adversities.

It is not for minds like ours to give or receive flattery, yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship, and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to believe a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of goodwill, as to withstand the shock firmly, that we thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which we have derived from their exertion.

It has been our fortune to be personally present at some of the incidents which we have depicted in the verses, but perhaps it may be pardonable vanity which induces us to reflect with complacency, which in some degree connects us with the circumstances under which they were produced, and the objects they would fain describe; and however short our distant conceptions may fall of what we claim to be true, yet it has given us unbounded pleasure in the production of the same.

Wishing you, our dear J. B. L., the best of luck in your new undertakings, we dedicate to you this poem in its haphazard state, and repeat once more how truly we are,

Your obliged,

PROPHETS FROM BEYOND THE SKIES.

# In Twenty Years From Now.

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## 1.

As double tracking nears its end,  
And every man feels gay,  
For all have added to their wealth,  
And none have debts to pay ;  
Yet in the strength of all of this,  
The prophet seems to vow  
A shameful destiny for some,  
In twenty years from now.

## 2.

He claims that Norman soon will try  
His hand at making love  
With the kitchen maid in the Hilliard House,  
But not a turtle dove ;  
And after he has wooed and won,  
'Tis certain we'll allow,  
He'll be the father of nineteen kids,  
In twenty years from now.

## 3.

Though Charley has been very good,  
And gone to church each night ;  
But when Gale asked the men to stand,  
He did not seem to bite.  
Now if he doesn't mend his ways,  
And read the Thee and Thou,  
We'll find our Charles locked up in jail,  
In twenty years from now.

## 4.

A thousand miles from nowhere,  
 Away out in the West,  
 We'll see McPherson stranded,  
 Stung by his own request ;  
 By all his friends forsaken,  
 Except one German " frau,"  
 Poor Mack will still be driving mules,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 5.

Poor Bob deserves our sympathies,  
 For he has much to learn  
 About Insurance Agencies,  
 ·Regardless of the firm.  
 He'll try his hand at many schemes,  
 As years do onward plough,  
 And go busted in a poker game,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 6.

Dave Rooney, horticulturist,  
 And culvert builder too,  
 By making his own estimates  
 Is bound to land a few ;  
 Yet as the years will make their mark  
 With wrinkles on his brow,  
 He'll in the army beat the drum,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 7.

McNab has always tried to pose  
 As one that did not know  
 The flavor of a glass of beer,  
 Yet he goes round with Snow.  
 So if the prophet speaks the truth,  
 I'd like to bet a cow,  
 He'll be a walking brewery,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 8.

And what will happen to Jim Snow,  
 The gods refuse to say ;  
 It must be some most dreadful thing,  
 That makes them silent stay.  
 Perhaps yet in Kenora he  
 Will stick around somehow,  
 And still be hugging Swedish girls,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 9.

Where will my wandering Goldie be,  
 From Oxdrift down to Dryden,  
 From Dryden back to Waldorf Spur,  
 At Murillo now he's hidin'.  
 He's counting rails and numbering spikes,  
 And if he does not row,  
 He'll be as far as Buda Hill,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 10.

Behold the prophet shuddering,  
 He smites upon his lyre,  
 He is afraid to tell the boys,  
 What will become of Gwyer.  
 One thing there is and that is sure,  
 Let him try no matter how,  
 A washout won't an airship stop,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 11.

Though Proctor in the next few years,  
 Will travel near and far,  
 Yet we can always find him lodged,  
 Beside some flowing bar.  
 When he has settled down in life,  
 He'll run a small " Blind Sow, "  
 Located down near Wabigoon,  
 In twenty years from now.



## 12.

Since Tabor has quite lately made  
 Short visits to the Fort,  
 And told his friends he did intend  
 To get his hair clipped short ;  
 But at each trip he always has  
 Got mixed in some Pow Wow,  
 So he will still a haircut need,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 13.

By figuring out the compound stress,  
 And bending moments too ;  
 By integration and transverse shear,  
 With Camber on the skew ;  
 Designed complete in take-down style,  
 Behold H. Barber's scow,  
 For moving rock from Company's cuts,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 14.

Come all ye men that like to think,  
 And guess with all your might ;  
 What little man of nerve is this,  
 That always wants to fight.  
 Sometimes we call him Paget, and  
 When twenty years come round,  
 He will have licked each sectionman,  
 From Coast to Owen Sound.

## 15.

'Tis true Lemont has fought the fight  
 Which engineers befall ;  
 No more he hears the wolf's fierce wail,  
 No more through muskegs crawl.  
 But 'way down in New Brunswick he  
 Will seek the goal at last,  
 By being deacon of the church,  
 When twenty years have passed.

## 16.

Tom Dunlop shuns the fickle tribe  
 Of ladies in this land,  
 And journeys clear across the pond,  
 To find a better brand.  
 If Tommy doesn't tumble soon,  
 Some friend should let him know,  
 A batchelor will be his lot,  
 In twenty years or so.

## 17.

But men, just picture in your mind,  
 A man with flowing beard ;  
 With knees well bent and locks of white,  
 And face with smoke besmeared,  
 Go hobbling to the round house with  
 A frown upon his brow ;  
 Now this will be Bill Pender,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 18.

Again peer through the gloom, and view  
 A form that's bent and old,  
 With hod upon his moss-grown back,  
 Go stumbling through the cold ;  
 He's off to build a pier for Wall,  
 With mortar and a trowel ;  
 Why this must be Macredie,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 19.

Though Jeff has sailed the wintry seas,  
 And camped on India's shore,  
 With the Mogul of that favored clime,  
 The Rajah of Jaypore ;  
 But still he lingers with us,  
 And soon will tell us how  
 He'll manufacture grain doors,  
 In twenty years from now.



## 20.

Bob Ross is good at fishing, he  
 Caught suckers from the staff,  
 By selling them some bogus land,  
 Then giving them the laugh.  
 He is so clever at his game,  
 He has a scheme in how  
 He'll own the Foley Bros'. firm,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 21.

Poor Sheady is a victim, for  
 He sure was done up brown,  
 His lots looked much like frog ponds, just  
 A few miles out of town.  
 The chances are that very soon,  
 He'll buy a horse and cow,  
 And work a farm for Robert Ross,  
 In twenty years from now.

## 22.

Bill Wall has tried a hundred schemes  
 To make his crib secure  
 By excavating, driving piles,  
 Until he is quite poor.  
 The bowels of the earth will see  
 This man of vital vim,  
 And after twenty years he'll be  
 A bold amphibian.

## 23.

The prophet hesitates again,  
 And does not think it right,  
 To tell where sly Joe Amantea  
 Used to remain at night.  
 There is no doubt but what it makes  
 Joe feel most awful sore  
 To think he must pay sectionmen,  
 For twenty years or more.

24.

When Bill Videen "do" comes to town,  
 He's always taken ill,  
 So sticks around until he has  
 Of Seagram had his fill.  
 In future years when times have changed,  
 Bob Ross will like to blow  
 What Bill "do" Videen did in bed,  
 Some twenty years ago.

25.

Our Daniel of the T.C.R.  
 Has had bad luck of late,  
 For when with us he never had  
 To pay for what he ate ;  
 But since he mixed up with the boys,  
 The sum he's lost, I trow,  
 Will be enough to pay his board  
 For twenty years from now.

26.

To only one of all this throng,  
 The gods evoke success ;  
 A glistening star hangs o'er his head,  
 His strenuous works to bless.  
 A mighty man of wealth he'll be,  
 Hospitals he'll endow ;  
 We all will work for J. B. L.,  
 In twenty years from now.

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